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Fall Coraddi 1944



MISS LELIA ATKINSON, *outstanding town student, wearing a lovely blue chiffon and silver brocaded dinner dress with white Timmie Tuff jacket.*

from

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Catherine Austell

DINING HALLS

BREAKING GROUND

The school year is already firmly started, but CORADDI is just now breaking ground, digging one-fourth of the way into volume XLIX.

The cover girl might be almost any W. C. girl down by the lake at twilight, but this time she is Jinx Falk. Bobbie Pettit, who pushed the button, belongs really to the *Carolinian* staff; the two rival publications had to stop feuding when they ascended to the realm of Art. Americans all know that advertising is the great national art. CORADDI, representing several fields of expression, is happy to include Betty Bostian's portrait of Lelia Atkinson and her apparel.

The dining halls, scene of innumerable meals, long hard labor, and screamed conversations, are more familiar than the oldest shoe. But Catherine Austell, senior art major, lets us see the halls and their plebeian columns from a new position.

Most of the students on this campus are from "Small Town South," located in North Carolina. Here is a place, so close that we may not have seen it at all. The author, B. A. Ragland, is another staff member of a campus publication, which we do not mention because advertising is not free.

Irene Kossow also knows personally the scene of her story, "Partners in Crime." But with W. C. moral righteousness, we express the hope that she does not know so intimately the profession of which she writes. Kossow continues to write splendid stories, even when in the Home Management House.

If you agree with Marie Belk that the Woman's College is somewhat isolated, physically and intellectually, you will be led to a critical appraisal of the campus which may, in turn, lead to an amplification or qualification of the ideas which she expresses. Belk, a senior Sociologist, is used to comparing cultural scenes, and she has some remarks to make about the college.

Ilene Israel has long been a contributor and critic for the CORADDI. This time she offers a fresh and different story from a distant land and mood. "Chrysa Once Was Seventeen." Ilene vacillates from the English department to Sociology, but the CORADDI has stepped in ahead of both.

A. E. Housman's poetry enjoyed great popularity a few years ago, and his name has become entirely familiar to many of us who speak glibly of him without having read many of his poems. Here is a painless, very enjoyable method of learning about him and running into some good lines; read what Jean Ross has to say about him.

The CORADDI for some time has featured descriptive letters from boys in service written to students here. Now, however, many former faculty members, and many more former students are in uniform serving the country. Their letters are closer and even more interesting to us than are those which come from strangers to the campus. Perhaps you will be interested in knowing what your old friends are doing, and how they like it.

SMALL TOWN SOUTH

By B. A. RAGLAND

There is a way of life called Small Town South, characterized forever in pleasant fiction by Main Street and Saturday afternoon crowds and countrymen who spit tobacco juice on the steps of the county court house; by a Confederate monument a block from the square, and a yellow river—scene of Sunday school picnics for generations—that winds like a sluggish snake, five miles north of town. And the Maple trees, dusty in the spring, an arch of green sabers that almost touch above the streets under the summer sun.

But more important in the life of the Town are the Negro nurses in starched blue, who wheel the youngest of the upper classes and stop to talk on the steps of the Presbyterian manse; their black eyes flash as they discuss boy friends; occasionally they lean over and coo to freshly-washed charges gurgling in perambulators, or call a reprimand to those walking the wall around the green terrace, balancing themselves with outstretched arms. Generations of Piedmont's children have spent their afternoons thus at the manse. All the years I grew up and walked home from grammar school they were there on pleasant afternoons, while their fathers were maintaining offices on Lawyer's Row, and their mothers were maintaining residence at the Country Club.

On special occasions the young innocents went to parties and blew out the candles, and played "London Bridge" and pinned on the donkey's tail. They scampered about on smooth green lawns, scattering embossed pink napkins and eluding colored nurses. We did, almost two decades ago, in the days when our parents were getting rich off a few shares of Florida real estate and hearing with growing dread the stories that drifted down from Yankeeedom of the speak-easys and "flaming youth" and the Sacco-Vanzetti case . . .

Afternoons at the manse and junior parties, though, were replaced all too soon by public schools, with their sliding boards and hopscotch on dusty playgrounds, and lunches in brown paper bags that smelled nauseatingly of hard boiled eggs. Children sat in the auditorium to see moving pictures about Eskimos and about how trees are made into paper. They occupied themselves with projects, Expressing their Personality in curious carvings and dubious drawings. I remember from grammar school days, mornings spent pouring over orange geography books as we learned inaccurate facts about home life in Mesopotamia. The Town talked of Roosevelt and the depression; and at school, for the first time, we came in contact with the masses of the great unwashed. They came to school barefooted, and we perceived early that it was best not to sit next to them in the circle nor to play jump-rope with them at recess.

When June came, it was time for swimming pools—muddy creeks or large tile pools filled with green water, depending on which part of town you lived in. Whether you spent a cool summer at Blowing Rock or played baseball, sweltering, on a steamy tarry street, was of course determined by whether your father worked in a bank or in a mill.

Such was the general pattern of life through many years—years when the Town was alternately shocked and thrilled by Wally and Edward, Shirley Temple, and a plan to pack the Supreme Court. Time was endless in those days. Each new school year seemed the beginning of a new life that would last forever. Supplementing school activities was Girl Scouts, our chief diversion. We sat around camp fires that someone else had built and burned our fingers on toasted marshmallows. We caught dreadful colds sleeping on the ground on overnight hikes. We neglected our algebra and learned to tie knots and to write our names in Morse code. And we gloried in being "Wholesome" when plump club women, not unlike those in New Yorker cartoons, called us the "Hope of the Future" and other inappropriate appellations.

But once in high school, alas, we learned of the Sub-Debs, and promptly lost all erstwhile visions of wholesomeness. (Leave camp fire girls to the Indians; we aspire to be Lana Turner.) Talk of the Sub-Deb club was a powerful weapon, hanging over every girl in the high school of the Town—whether or not she cared to admit it. For social life of the younger set consisted solely of the dances given periodically at the Club by the Sub-Debs. While the town cheered Duke in the Rose Bowl—and heard promises of peace in our time—the high school crowd sipped cokes at the Drug, and wondered, when no one was listening, who would get in Sub-Debs.

The maple leaves were brown, and we walked home kicking them on the sidewalk to hear them crackle. The monument was not so tall any more, but it still looked out over the Town, and the black girls in starched blue still pushed baby carriages.

We learned that "Gallis est omnis divisa in partes tres," and wrote verses on our books to the effect that "if all the world were flooded and I was about to die, I'd stand right on this Latin book because it is so dry."

We were all very much self-absorbed and almost completely isolated from the Town and its viewpoints. But the Town went on placidly, and our parents, too, somehow managed to struggle along, even under the burden of our disapproval.

It was not until several years later, however, that I discovered that Piedmont parents, like Gaul, can be divided into three categories. First,

there are the Younger Parents. Most of them belong to the Country Club. They are very smart, and they play a great deal of golf and bridge. They have dances at the Country Club on holidays and drink champagne to their heart's content. When they finish all the champagne, they sing in loud voices. When they finish all the Scotch and all the champagne, sometimes they climb out on the roof and throw the bottles down. They are very broadminded about it when they find their husbands (or wives) making love to someone else's wives (or husbands). They still speak of themselves as the Lost Generation, and they say that Hemingway is their spokesman although they have never read anything that Hemingway has written. They are amused, and a little chagrined because it makes them feel old, when their offspring of high school age come home slightly stewed. They sneer at Rotary clubs and Parent-Teacher Associations, and talk about sex at the dinner table. They think, in brief, that they are very interesting people.

Parents, group two, on the other hand, have as their chief interest the furthering of such enterprises as the Chamber of Commerce and the Woman's Missionary Society. Their pictures frequently appear in the newspaper because they are the moving spirits in the Kiwanis Club. They spend their leisure organizing the Fifth War Loan Drive or directing Sunday School pageants. They keep a schedule of radio news broadcasts, and they listen to them all faithfully, except Fulton Lewis, Jr., of course, because he is a Republican. At dinner parties they exchange the views of Raymond Gram Swing and Cecil Brown. Their children have Poise and Charm because when they were young they had advantages—piano lessons and art lessons, dancing lessons and speech lessons. Group two think, in brief, that they are very useful and solid citizens.

Finally, there is group three. Parents in this category work in the cotton mills across the tracks or sometimes in the railroad shops. They sneer at the big uptown department store and buy their clothes from Montgomery-Ward, though they wish they didn't have to. They enjoy the Ivory soap programs of "John's Other Wife's Sister," and on Saturday nights they go to the movies, sometimes heavy things with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon that tell about how radium is made from rocks, but usually Hopalong Cassidy. They read books by Kathleen Norris and Grace Livingston Hill Lutz and sometimes True Story and Superman. On summer evenings they go out to the ball park and cheer lustily for the Piedmont Pirates and cuss the umpire and bang beer bottles against the bleachers. Before the war, they rode out to the river every Sunday afternoon, and on the way home, every Sunday afternoon, they stopped for beer and barbecue. They think of themselves, in brief, that they are very happy people.

And as each of these groups lives in a world of its own, oblivious of the other, the younger generation, the high school crowd, is oblivious of them all—of their champagne, most of it at any rate; their missionary societies, their radio programs, and Sunday afternoons.

For in high school there were weiner roasts and student conventions, and on crisp Friday afternoons there were football games on a dusty little gridiron and a uniformed band that specialized in playing "Washington Post." We dreamed of college and stadium football and fraternity houseparties, and we worked on our debates that would solve the problems of a nation.

And then there was a Sunday afternoon—and we learned that the promise of peace in our times had been lies. People told us solemnly that our

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PARTNERS IN CRIME

By IRENE KOSSOW

Seeing us, you never would have suspected that we were partners in crime. Least of all you would have suspected it on those Sunday mornings, when walking piously hand in hand, we were on our way to perpetuate a misdeed. Such a discrete pair we were: my father a lanky, easy-going man, and I a skinny kid holding his hand and tripping in his shadow. You might have taken us for Christian souls returning from church, or a devoted father and daughter on their Sunday stroll. You never would have guessed Papa had a necklace in his pocket that had belonged to a Russian noblewoman, or a rather plain cigarette case that was made of platinum and worth fifty thousand marks.

Papa didn't want anybody to guess. He took me along on those Sunday morning ventures for that reason precisely: to keep people from guessing. And every Sunday morning he told me the same story. "Come, let's go for a walk in the *Stadtpark**", he'd say, "You look very pale. We'll go for a visit too. Would you like that?" I knew at once what was up. "Oh yes," I'd say, "yes!" and look up at Papa, who was so handsome and unafraid, and who allowed me to help him on his dark, bold ventures.

These ventures consisted of buying jewels and precious metals from people who needed money and selling them to people who were leaving the country and had to convert their money into property. My father did the buying and selling; and from the difference between cost and selling price he earned a living. Why this way of earning a living was illegal in Germany, I don't know. I still don't know. But then, almost everything became illegal for *Ausländer*† after 1933 . . .

One summer morning in 1936 we were returning from one of our business visits, and I knew Papa had bought some good property, for he was beaming and occasionally humming under his breath. We were on our way home, when I remembered that he was to take me to the park for my health.

"Papa," I whined, "we aren't going home, are we? You said we'd go for a walk . . ."

"Well, but it's late now. Your mother is expecting us for dinner."

"Ach, Papa, not until one, and it's only eleven now . . . please?"

"But look, it's going to rain. Look now up above. See that, it's going to rain. Over there, look!"

"Oh, Papa, I don't see anything. Not one single cloud. But look how pale I am. You even said so. You promised . . ."

He sighed in resignation. "Never let it be said

I broke a promise. We'll go." He slipped his hand in his pocket to reassure himself, for he was carrying something very precious. The lady from whom he had bought the property that morning had insisted upon wrapping it. When she had gone to the kitchen for tissue paper she had left the door open, and I had caught a glimpse of the property: a cigarette case and a diamond-studded object, probably a brooch—and undoubtedly worth thousands.

Thousands! We were carrying around illegal thousands! What exhilaration there was in knowing that you were a partner in crime; in knowing that your father was not old and pot-bellied like other girls', but bold and adventurous and defiant. A tremor ran through me each time I thought of our conspiracy. I smiled and whispered inwardly, "Oh, Papa, why do you think I am so dumb? Why must you keep thinking that I don't know we are committing a crime, that we are in danger! . . . After all, I am not like Mama," I added, recalling a peculiar incident. That incident had left me with a distasteful feeling.

One evening when I was supposedly asleep, I had seen my parents sitting together. My mother was toying with a pair of earrings that Papa had shown her.

"They are beautiful," she said.

"Try them on."

She did, and looked like a lady from *Arabian Nights*.

Papa smiled into her mirror and told her to keep them. "Someday you may have to charm another man," he said.

But my mother frowned as she undid the earrings. "The next time I charm a man, he will be a baker. Really, a baker. I tell you I would much rather be married to a baker than . . . than . . . a man who walks on the edge of a precipice!"

I thought that was cowardly of my mother, and so melodramatic. Now I should never behave like that. I was like Papa: I loved danger. The danger of the hour and the fresh blue air made me almost exuberant. I began to swing Papa's arm and hop in rhythm to his stride.

"Let's hurry, Pa, I want to see the roses. You know, the *Stadtpark* is just full of roses. Don't you love them?"

"Yes, but they won't run away."

"I know. But I wish they would—and come home with us."

"Silly girl."

The *Stadtpark* was really full of roses and sunshine, and navy blue governesses with pink babies, little children walking demurely with their parents, pretty, grown-up ladies strolling arm in

*Municipal Park in Berlin.

†Foreigners.

arm with men or storm troopers. And interspersed were, of course, those grouchy old *Wächter*, who picked up papers and grumbled curses. Inevitable blots.

I left Papa on a bench to sun himself, and proceeded to go off to study nature. I did not expect to come to odds with it. I only wanted to look at the flowers and smell them and maybe touch one

There was a lovely rose bush only a few steps from where Papa was sunning himself. A few people had gathered around it, bent in admiration over the flowers. One little man had stooped down, determined to decipher its latin tablet through a pince-nez. The blossoms were white, pure, and delicate beyond belief. Everyone loved them. But by and by the others left, while I stood there entranced, and breathed in their beauty. Among all the white I saw one that had a hue of scarlet, and holding it up to my nose I thought its fragrance was sweeter than anything on earth. It bewitched me, I guess, for the next moment I was on my knees, pinching its stem with my nails until it was apart and mine completely. I was holding it, stroking the petals, when a shadow fell over me.

"Aha, *meine Kleine*,* so!"

Sometimes shadows fall over you in nightmares. Sometimes in dreams and in fairy tales a dragon will start to speak to you and say, "Now, *meine Kleine*, now that I have caught you, I shall take you and devour you!"

I did not raise my head, for I knew who it was. I got up slowly, first on one foot, and then the other, and stood paralyzed. Suddenly I regained my senses, thrust the rose at him, and started to run. He caught me by the arm.

"Not so fast; not so fast, *meine Kleine*. Do you know what you have just done?"

"Yes, *Herr Wächter*, I picked a flower."

"How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"So you can read, ha?"

"Yes."

"Read that sign then—that one on the grass. What does it say?"

"*Verboten*."

"What does that mean to you?"

"Not allowed."

"Then what have you done? Do you know what you have done? You have broken the law. You have committed a crime."

"I'll never do it again, *Herr Wächter*, I promise . . . please."

"Where is your mother?"

"Home."

"Who's with you?"

"My father."

"Good. Where is he?"

"What will you do with him?"

"Take you both to the station. Come now, where is he?"

I glanced at Papa. He was no longer sunning himself. He was looking at me. There was a stout S. A. officer sitting next to him now. But he was absorbed in a newspaper, and paid no attention to me. Only Papa was watching. I noticed that he was holding on to something in his trouser pocket.

"What will they do to us at the police station?"

"They'll fine you. At least five or ten marks. All right, show me, where is your father?"

"They don't search you, do they?"

"Not unless you are a Jew or an *Ausländer*. But enough of these questions. Let's go."

"Wait . . . please . . . he . . . he . . . won't like this"

"So he won't like it, ha? Which man is your father?"

"Please don't, I did it, not he. Why should you . . . Herr Wächter, why can't you take me?"

"Ach, stop it now. Where is he?"

"Sitting there."

"Which one?"

"Which one? Why, Papa is the man . . . which one . . . Oh . . . Papa, that is, my father, he is the S. A. He is the officer with the newspaper. Yes, that is my father, the one reading the newspaper"

The *Wächter* looked at me, at the officer, and frowned.

"So that is your father?"

"Yes, my father. He will be very mad if you disturb him. He is reading his paper now, and he does not like to be annoyed." The officer was indeed absorbed in his paper. Papa was still sitting there, still with his hand in his pocket, but he was looking away now.

"So your father is an *Oberst*.^{*} And what is your name?"

"My name is Lotte von Lohnbach. My father, he is a . . . a hero."

"Der Herr Oberst von Lohnbach? Hm, well now" The *Wächter* took off his cap and scratched his head.

"He works in the Wilhelmstrasse, you know. He is on very good terms with the police. And he will be so mad if you disturb him, especially since he's reading the newspaper."

"Pooh" exhaled the *Wächter*, and stretched his mouth to one side. Then he stooped and picked up the rose. "But listen, the next time I catch you, father or no father, I'll . . . I'll tell your mother," he concluded viciously.

I was quite limp for a while. But as soon as the monster was out of sight, it was as if someone had lashed me with a whip. I took off and never stopped until I reached home.

Papa came a few minutes later. He and my

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*Little Girl.

*Major.

OUTSIDE OUR DOOR

By MARIE BELK

A wooded park separates one side of the campus from the thoroughfare of the town. Between another side of campus and the street of the outside world is an area of hills and athletic fields. A bridge skims over the street which rudely attempts to divide the college lands in two. On another side, spaces of wide lawn mark off the institution from town. The final side edges into town with impersonal classroom buildings, then a street.

We are a community of about 2,000 young women, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two, from backgrounds similar in that they are favored, economically and socially. Within these college boundaries we eat, sleep, buy, learn, amuse ourselves with campus publications and campus movies. Occasionally the raucous life of the outside interferes for many soldiers enter the campus. Occasionally we travel outside these boundaries for other entertainment.

Universities and colleges are noted for isolation. Our college is but another in United States education which knows only itself. Ours is the second largest resident woman's college in the country with almost as many facilities for maintaining itself as a small town. We try not to disturb the citizens in the city around us, and certainly they do not disturb us. We are conservative in dress and we do not smoke at the corner.

When World War II began, a phenomenon of our school puzzled many. The war seldom touched the students who live here. A high administrative head of the school has attributed to calm leadership, especially on the part of student leaders themselves, this lack of so-termed war hysteria. A philosophical associate professor of English once spoke of the daring, brave, free spirit of a new generation which has been able to continue its accustomed life, growing, while other parts of the world shattered themselves. I consider these statements and I do not cast them out. They explain the phenomenon with ideas which hang nicely with today's ethics. There is another point of view, for other speakers have condemned the students for their lack of concern with current affairs.

Another happy explanation of students' attitudes toward war is that they have weighed their duties and have decided on college. This is a beautiful fantasy. Those who believe they are paying their duty to their country by doing their school work well perhaps come in a group of one-tenth of one percent of the student population. They are the same students who enjoy their studies in peace-time as well and probably would not need patriotic incentive. Of course, this thought of college as war work has entered many students' minds, but has remained uppermost in few. The times at which it becomes most active

are when recruiters for the WAC and WAVES carry on campaigns on campus. Then the ambivalence of war service or school may temporarily disorganize a few.

This isolation of which I have spoken makes for the lack of concern among students for what the world outside the door is doing. This lack is an ever-present characteristic. Before the war, students bothered little with the government of the nations. But few people in the country dedicate their minds to bothering with the government of the nation; many are dedicated to war in body and mind. They are conscious of the necessity for war work and for their own utmost effort. We here do not know fully the need for such responsibility. If we were at home the morning's eggs and newspaper would be served together. The percentage of students who see newspapers here may be compared with the percentage in the general population who read the editorial page. Most students are not harried by the world's troubles because they do not know how great the troubles are.

I am going to analyze our isolation further by showing how this isolation and the war affect certain personalities. Perhaps I have seemed to believe that the isolation of universities and colleges is intellectual. Perhaps the reader sees groups of intense young people discussing, arguing, tearing into non-linear correlations, periodic tables, and the ionization theory, or ecological studies of cities. This is not what I have meant to say. Our college is not submerged in intellectuality. Its greatest number of students are what are known as "bread and butter" students. They work in semi-realization of the value of the degree as a ticket. Very few of these young women feel strongly that women are at a disadvantage in the great American climb up the ladder of success, for they are not in search of a "career." They plan to marry a professional man who will not let them work. "Educate a woman and you educate a family," a statement by the founder of our school suggests the group which it serves.

We are not wholly intellectual, so there are myriads of us who spend hours of our time lying on beds listening to radios and discussing our illnesses or our men. Occasionally some skip down to the corner drugstore to dawdle over a coke and look at the people. Some interests are not those well satisfied by our isolation. Such persons are more unhappy than students of other interests which can be fulfilled. These young women probably wish they were married already, but vaguely they have thought of the social value of a college degree.

So four years are passed in college separated—need I say isolated?—from the life they hope for. Why expect a person with this philosophy to feel

and work in a war whose reaches seldom touch her? In discussions of current affairs she may say, distractedly and agitatedly, "Let's don't talk about it." I have often heard her say it.

The next young woman is not so prevalent as is the young woman who dawdles over cokes. She is dedicated, in body and mind, to her studies, especially those in her major field. If she is a history major in her junior or senior years, she may know and feel a great deal about the war, and she probably belongs to the International Relations Club. But relatively few students are history majors. Those whose lives are their studies do intensely discuss non-linear correlations and the ionization theory.

Such a student is isolated from customary thought. She may have fervently decided that race is but an over-worked classification tool. Then she is startled when riding a bus to overhear someone say he wants all Jews killed. Or all Negroes killed. She will think, "How can such ideas be held when advanced thought has so often proved the lack of inherent racial differences in mentality?" She knows that the war thunders on, but the sound is dull in her ears. Yet she probably has a social conscience. But war, where is it? It is not near her. Does it exist? She listens intelligently and attentively when others speak of war.

Many other young women who attend this school scourge themselves and their friends for lack of interest in war news and war activities. They are saddened or angered by reports of small purchases of war stamps. They do buy a quarter's worth of war stamps each week, which aids their self-respect, though they do not consider this amount large enough. Their discussions with their friends are pitiful. So little they know of the war, so much they decide they should know, and so little they learn. It occurs to them that the International Relations Club meetings might be highly rewarding, but they fear displaying their ignorance, or they hear of a meeting the day after it was held. The stimulus for concern for the world's battle is not as constant and as real as it is in other parts of the world, even in other parts of the United States. Their deprivations are prosaic. Butter seldom appears on the college table. Transportation facilities may be inconvenient. But usually that has been all. Now that the casualty lists become longer, tragedy enters many homes, but the college does not help them to relate grief to their thinking and behavior.

Relationship to the war is but one phase of the division between college and other ways of living. Occasionally I question the value of an education which restricts narrowly the group to which the person being educated is introduced. Of course, even in such situations there are some who can work out a life that is real. They may be able to balance their activities. But building such a balance requires determination and objectivity, and few have acquired these characteristics.

When I walk alone through the business district of an agricultural town or an industrial city and notice the faces of those who pass me, I am

shocked. The shock comes from the contrast with these faces and those met daily on the walks of the campus. I believe that leaders in education have felt, sometimes, as I have. They have tried to push education into new areas, to include knowledge of many people, even when educating on higher levels those of the higher social brackets. I wonder, too, if four years of a rutted college life is the way to learn most effectively.

PRESCRIPTION FOR AN IDEALIST

*Find in that pregnant mind of yours
A catalytic agent
That will dissolve the question and the answer.
Transcribe your speech into a tea-time-talk
And lecture to the ladies' aid societies
Who'll offer up no controversial needles
To give a threat
To prick your bright new toy
Held by loose fingers
By a twisting cotton string.
Draw up a list of pretty subterfuges
And mark them down on pale blue
Writing paper.
Build high your artifice of sugar candy—
And when it pours hot rain,
Tie up your soul in gay Scotch plaid repellent
And take a long aesthetic walk.*

—GRACE ESTEP.



CHRYSA ONCE WAS SEVENTEEN

By ILENE ISRAEL

It was the custom for the women to marry very young. The men did not marry until they could support a wife. Consequently the husbands were middle aged or old, while the wives were young.

Chrysa was seventeen when they told her that she was to marry Briano. She knew him because for many years he had come to play at cards and talk with her father. She had always liked him because he brought her flowers and expensive trinkets and talked with her. Therefore the first time they were alone together, after the sealing of the engagement agreement, Chrysa sat composedly on the great couch spurning his gentle attempt to put his arm around her shoulder.

"Briano, I cannot marry you," she said.

Briano was amused and thought her pout charming. "And why not, pretty?"

Chrysa did not answer for a long time. She sat with her delicate white hands folded in her lap, gazing unseeingly into space. Finally she whispered, "If I tell you, Briano, you must swear to tell no one, not even Papa. Do you promise?"

"Yes, of course," answered Briano, still amused.

Chrysa hesitated, searching for words, but she did not bend from her proud aloof pose.

"It is because—someone—comes to me," she finally said.

Briano waited silently seeing the smile on her lips. She turned to him. "Do you believe me?"

He laughed kindly at her nonsense, knowing how closely she was cloistered. And, after all, the marriage having been completely arranged Briano placed his arm around her and drew her close.

He was not quite sure how she had slipped from his grasp. Standing before him, her cheeks burning, Chrysa defied any further caress. "Listen to me," she said. "There is someone who comes to me—almost every night. I love him because he is young and handsome—so very handsome—like a god. I cannot marry you because then he will go away."

Briano was angry. "So now you have a secret lover, and I suppose your father approves of your god—even lets him in through the front gate."

"Please listen to me, Briano." Her voice was small and pleading as she knelt on the rug at his feet.

"I am listening."

"I don't know who he is or how he comes—though I know it is not by the front gate, for no one knows of him save me. I do not even know why he comes, only I am glad that he does."

It was ridiculous. He knew this, but he also knew that she was speaking the truth and he was forced to believe her. Knowing her innocence he hopefully began to question her, for if it were

her imagination it could only go a brief length. "And what do you and your visitor do when he comes?"

"He kisses me and—he makes love to me."

Again Briano believed her. "What does he say to you? Where does he come from?"

"He never speaks to me, Briano. He only smiles and is so beautiful and gentle I loved him the first minute I saw him. I don't know where he comes from. I never see him enter, I only suddenly know that he is near and look up and he is with me."

"Do you think that anyone besides you can see him?"

Chrysa hesitated a minute. "Yes, I'm sure they could, but only, I think, if he wished them to see."

Of course they were married anyway. Had either of them dared to confront Chrysa's father, that one would most assuredly have been thought either mad or a liar. Chrysa would have been punished severely, strictly watched, or married to someone else. Briano decided to say nothing, considering that even though her story were true, no harm had been done. It was logical that a phantom lover could make nothing but phantom love . . .

Briano sat quietly, smoking his pipe by the fire. From his chair he could see into the hall to the barred outside door. Life was comfortable. Eight years and three children had changed Chrysa from an intriguing child into an efficient matron, but she was still cool and self-possessed, he thought uneasily. He smiled to himself remembering her childish imagination. Childish, too, he mused, remembering that he had believed her. They had never mentioned the subject since that betrothal day.

The fire behind Briano's chair flared up into dancing shadows on the wall. Briano stared at his giant shadow, crouched moodily over him.

There had been a night in the winter when the cold had forced him to get out of bed to stir up the fire. He had moved slowly from the bed, not to disturb Chrysa, and stirred the glowing coals carefully. He had leaned for a minute close to his fire, then as it flamed high, turned back to the bed. In the warm firelight he had seen a figure standing over his wife, who lay quietly in sleep. Briano stood silent, not taking his eyes from the scene. Suddenly there was no one there. Tricks of the shadows and the mind, thought Briano, and got into bed again. Chrysa had smiled in her sleep.

His brooding shadow brought him back again from the past. He said aloud what he had meant to say five years before, "Tricks of the shadows and the mind."

Twice again he had seen the figure enter

Chrysa's room. The first time he had waited by the door until it left. He gazed sharply, but somehow the features had escaped him. He had gone into the room, where Chrysa sat nursing the baby. Her cool smile and repose defied him to break the peacefulness with accusations.

The third time he had watched it enter her room, Briano had waited a moment and then followed it. There had been no one there. "Chrysa!" She entered hurriedly from the next room. Her sincere anxiety had checked him. Besides, he feared her mockery. "Were you busy?"

"No," answered Chrysa. "What did you want?"

"Nothing," he said. "I thought I had mislaid my book, but I've found it."

Briano was happy with Chrysa. He loved her beauty and her affable nature. Until the night he had first seen the figure standing by her bedside he had not thought of her confession. He could not speak of it, except perhaps in a joking manner, and he hesitated to reopen something he had thought long forgotten.

He bided his time quietly through the years, waiting for a chance to eliminate this enemy and assert his own dominance. Between Chrysa and him no words had passed on the subject. He kept his awareness in a separate category from the one in which their daily life was spent but it persisted, though faintly, always in the back of his mind.

Tonight, in the silence of the cold house, as he had taken his place in the armchair by the fire his purpose had become clear in his mind. He would wait for it and rid himself of his rival. Through the window he watched the snow falling ceaselessly in the darkening dusk.

Now the only light was from the fire. Knowing it would come, he roused himself from his reverie at the precise moment when a figure began to mount the stairs to the second floor. Briano watched it walk out of sight. Taking the iron poker from the wall he placed it, almost up to its handle, into the red coals.

As he had known the precise moment it had gone up the stairs, so he looked up again as it came silently down. He waited until the door had opened and closed again, then turning to the fire he picked up the ashen glowing poker and walked swiftly to the door and out of the house.

The snow lay light and thick, gleaming through the darkness. There was no path—the snow had only recently stopped falling. There were footprints in the snow. Briano thought without anger that ghosts should not make footprints. No trick of the mind this time. He followed them, trampling their clean cut neatness in his haste. He was getting further from the house and could no longer see. He stumbled on until he overtook the tall dark shadow striding silently ahead of him. He swung the poker with all of his strength.

It sizzled as it struck the snow and the snow receded from the heat and from the shadowy figure which dug into its whiteness. Briano bent over it.

(Continued on page 18)

FUNDAMENTALS

*Sunshine on a smooth, green hill,
Weight of the fruited vine,
These hold all the light and dark
Of the human mind.*

*Flags bright dipped in red and gold
Are stirred by the wind's slight breath.
The smallest creature that has life
Yields blood and death.*

*In any handful of dark earth
Not touched by hate or kindness
We see all from which it came,
Hindered but by blindness.*

—GAY MORENUS.

POEM

*Wind-chased I've fled across wide oceans
Stepping lightly on the wave caps and the yellow
flocks of foam—
Wary of the deep green sea.*

*In the still night's darkness I have gone
Beyond strange stars
And almost to the bottom of infinity
Seeking you.*

*Swayed by moving waters in the coral depths
of oceans
I sought you in black caverns.*

*Alone I stood in some vast hall
And, despairing,
Shouted to my echo.*

*Drifting on a sweet warm wind
I saw a sunrise,
And I passed a thousand tropic islands till I
reached
A palm tree fringed lagoon.*

*That night, by walking softly,
I crossed the moon-path on the water
And followed it straight to the sky.*

*I tasted fruits of new young trees
And, excited,
Raced across blue, sun-lit skies—
Safe above a sea now catching heaven's color.*

*Till careless, bold in new found bliss
I walked the brink of a volcano,
Plunged shrieking into hell.*

—MILDRED RODGERS.

ON A. E. HOUSMAN

By JEAN ROSS

*This is for all ill-treated fellows
Unborn and unbegot
For them to read when they're in trouble
And I am not.*

Thus A. E. Housman invites us all to his *More Poems*. It is an invitation worth considering as would be one to *A Shropshire Lad* and the other collections. Housman belongs to the late nineteenth and earlier twentieth centuries, but his view of life is far from being alien to us. The not-too-ambitious reader should find it easy to consume a good deal of Housman: there is nothing really long in the collections of lyrics, and most are from two to four stanzas. His favorite is the four-line stanza. Most have a definite setting in Shropshire: Ludlow, Wenlock, Hughley, Clee. Housman himself is the original Shropshire lad, and most are in first person.

His is a style easy to read. Housman, like Hardy, is the poet of indirection. He rarely overstates the case; he does not insist on his pathos or despair. There is much irony and understatement:

*Here dead lie we because we did not choose
To live and shame the land from which we spring.
Life, to be sure, is nothing much to lose;
But young men think it is, and we were young.*

This tone is supported by his use of comparatively simple words, sometimes colloquial, as "lad," "aye," etc. There is not much richness of allusion. But there is much interesting description and metaphor. At his best, with adequate dramatic framework, and the characteristic concentration, there is much strength and beauty in his lines:

*These in the day when heaven was falling
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.
Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.*

Here in the two-stanza form, Housman seems to be at his best. There is effective variation in meter, emphasis on well-chosen words by their position and alliteration, and strong symbolism—pervaded by a quiet, casual tone that helps give it eloquence.

Housman is spiritually as well as technically akin to Hardy, and more an apostle of Arnold than of any of the other Victorians, it seems. To him, man's existence contains little that is glorious:

*To stand up straight and tread the turning mill,
To lie flat and know nothing and be still,
Are the two trades of man; and which is worse
I know not, but I know that both are ill.*

The favorite Housman subjects betray the nature of his philosophy. Death is one of these—particularly unnatural, youthful death, usually by hanging or in battle. The whole problem of war, and the conflict between patriotism (or necessity) and fear (or love) concern him. However, for those youthful ones who have been happy, he considers it no cause for mourning—such is his opinion of later life. The hanged man usually is a character worthy of sympathy, "An honest lad and hale"; in "Eight O'Clock," there is real pathos created concerning the man to be hanged, of whom we know nothing at all. This view of man-made laws is corroborated in "The Laws of God":

*Their deeds I judge and much condemn,
Yet when did I make laws for them?*

...

*I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made.*

He has faith in some of his individual characters—the young men who die because they do not wish "to live and shame the land from which we sprung"—yet he also sees life's almost-vicious cycle of unfulfilled aspirations repeating itself. Even in "Loveliest of Trees," the beauty of nature reminds him of the shortness of life. Indeed, there is almost something of the imperturbability of Hardy's nature, though hardly its malignancy:

*The stars of heaven are steady
The founded hills remain,
Though I to earth and darkness
Return in blood and pain.*

And from this life's conflicts, there is release only in complete death, an end and not a beginning:

*And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears:*

and

*The lad that hopes for heaven
Shall fill his mouth with mold.*

gives us only a physical and very repelling conception of death. Housman's philosophy of despair is hardly even as cheerful as Hardy's "God-forgotten" view; there is rarely anything comparable to the song of the thrush; God not only seems to have forgotten, but it even seems doubtful that there is a God:

*If in that Syrian garden, ages slain
You sleep, and know not you are dead in rain,
Nor even in dreams behold how dark and bright
Ascends in smoke and fire by day and night
The hate you died to quench and could but fan,
Sleep well and see no morning, son of man.*

(Continued on page 19)

LETTER

MONDAY.

*Nancy Kirby's
Influence
Has inspired me
(Though I know better)
To write you a letter
In so-called free verse.*

*Behind the exigencies
Of this letter
I see
Problems in electromotive force
And physical source,
CAROLINIAN features,
And other vulgar creatures
Appearing in the form of homework.*

*In considering the day
I say,
"Drool, drool,
Orange juice for breakfast."
Then history,
For me,
A period of unrelenting discipline
As I philosophize,
"What the heck?
The world's a wreck
And always will be!"*

*A vast warm day
With blue and green
As far as one could see
And we had classes,
And what's more—
Labs,
Discussing lice and
Syphilis,
Parasitically speaking,
Of course!*

*I always say
There's nothing like an ice cream cone
To take one back to five again
When,
One hadn't exams,
And letters to write,
Private remorse,
And problems in
Electromotive force.*

Yours,

Mag.

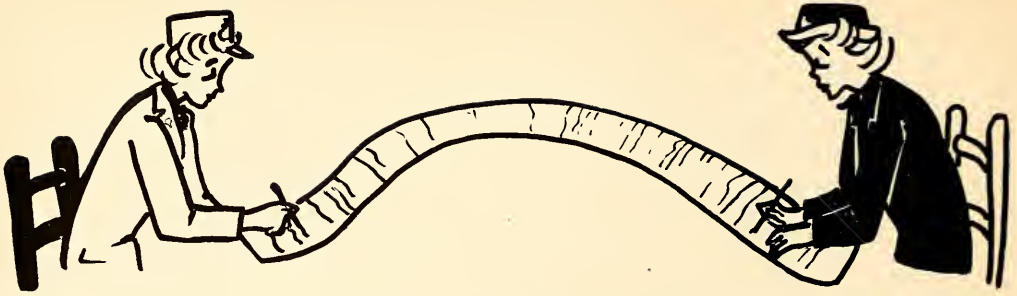
P. S.

*Though my model is Nancy
You may construe from this
Whatever moral you fancy.
I think a letter
Would be better.*



COMMENTARY FROM THE PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

It's been about a year now since I first saw the W. C. campus, and even now I can conjure up a faint nostalgia for it. Nostalgia in wartime, of course, is rather closer to sentimentality than it should be; but for a Northerner to come upon that Southern campus in wartime was like meeting an anachronism face to face. I remember my first night there: the light, cool touch of the air and the heavy flower smell of it; the virtuous lamp-posts at strategic intervals; the warm charm of the dormitory living-rooms; the delightful femininity of the girls who passed by (nowhere are women as feminine as in the South); the strange Southern language, "ah reckon," "ah declare" in gentle accents. And who could forget the Hut, weather-beaten and home-like, and the woods behind it—ambling paths and haphazard bridges over casual streams. And finally one breaks through the woods and there is the "lake" and meadows like the perimeter of a world.



CAMP TO CAMPUS

MARY E. (LIB) FANT,
Class of 1945,
Women's Army Corps.

You can't imagine the significant part your letters play in maintaining army morale. News from school is stimulating—almost to the boiling point, sometimes—and is conscientiously absorbed by all of us after every letter. We stand mail call twice a day, and naturally everyone knows who got how many letters and the large package.

I thought I'd seen women in my day, but you should see the masses of companies that pass the reviewing stand (upon which stands a major) in precise marching order and identical clothing. A band sometimes joins the general medley and never fails to impress me. I, who have never cared for military music, have quite a different sensation when I am marching. In platoon formation we are four abreast and I get along fine. Even rapid flank movements don't ruffle me. But when we line up for company mass with nine squads and the short people on the end; well, every time we make a left turn I have to work myself silly. In any formation I am perpetual right flank WAC and all the turns on the parade ground are left. Someday they may lose me for good.

P. T. or physical training includes a methodical and inhuman strain on every muscle of the body. I did not consider myself a novice at physical education until I discovered the ingenious exercises the instructors have designed for body torture. I am very fond of P. T. but I am also very much overwhelmed by it. Imagine women of fifty, and there are some, uncomplainingly keeping up with and ahead of the youngest of us! Here we have the satisfaction and security of knowing that each is here voluntarily for a reason that is important to us in various ways. Since we

are not bothered with tolerating uselessness or the useless (very easily eliminated, I've discovered) we have a degree of confidence in the motives of those around us that I've never experienced before.

About W. C. I really cannot feel sorry that many of our friends did not return, but I'm not in the position for being sorry. What I am getting is certainly an addition to my education and not a break in it. And even if I don't have that "finishing school" influence, I've discovered that the army, my company anyway, is far more moral than was college. Even my mild and restrained normal releases of profanity must be subdued for fear of offending my neighbors. And the percentage of people attending church is noticeably increased. Although most of us drink beer and there is plenty on the post, it's a company disgrace to be tight, and you see little enough of it. Not drinking but being drunk is prohibited. And that, incidentally, is a court-martial offense.

Give my regards to our friends and my favorite faculty members. When I have time, I plan to write; in the meantime, I don't mind their taking the initiative.

LT. (j.g.) KATHERINE TAYLOR,
Alumna and Professor,
United States Naval Reserve

I held my first housemeeting last night. You may be surprised, for you are under the impression that I joined the WAVES to see the world and take a vacation from the dormitory. Seeing the world—or the western hemisphere—will come later perhaps; and I never looked upon living with all of you and working with you as something to run away from. Therefore, when the Navy decided to let me stay in Northampton as a com-

pany commander (counselor to you), I had no objections to offer.

The meeting last night presented a new situation: the audience was entirely strange to me, and there were only two classes present, the freshmen (seamen) and the seniors (midshipmen) who were freshmen only three weeks ago and who will be officers in another week. They come from every state in the union (Californians seem to be the most numerous), and their ages range from twenty to fifty. They don't care particularly about house meetings, either, because they don't like to be distracted from their work. Try to cram a year's course in five subjects into nine weeks; add two hours of gym or drill every day; and grease your elbows well, because no one has spotted a speck of dust in Northampton since the Navy came to town. Lula would clap her hands joyfully if she could patrol these halls and inspect these rooms. And there are no loud-speakers; on every deck there is a mate on duty to deliver business messages. She gets people up at 6:30 in the morning and sees that they are in bed at 10:00 in the evening. I have never heard of anyone's taking a light cut. We are wholeheartedly converted to the idea that eight hours of sleep will guarantee survival at any age. I doubt that I shall ever again be able to wait up for the eleven o'clock news broadcast.

When Miss Wyatte and I arrived at the Northampton Hotel on June 29, we thought for a moment that we had stumbled upon a Woman's College Alumnae meeting: there were thirteen of us in training at the same time. Probably the only one who belongs to your generation is Petie Roberts Fore. She graduated a month ahead of us and went to Oklahoma City to do recruiting. Ann Pitoniak came to admire our new uniforms one week-end, as did Miss Schaeffer and Miss Ryan. One day recently, I glanced idly at a motley crew of newly-arrived seamen and, to my utter stupefaction, saw Kay Bissell among them. The next day I ran into Teen Dunlap standing disconsolately on a street corner. She is living next door to us at the Burnham School and doing graduate work at Smith. You may leave the campus, but you never get away from Woman's College.

FRANCES BUTLER,
*Class of 1946,
U. S. Naval Training School.*

I got to New York and wandered around by myself for some time before I finally got up the courage to make my grand entrance out here. As soon as we walked in we were given our silly little seaman hats, G. I. nylons (cotton—an inch thick) and shoes. We looked like a national convention of orphanages. Luffly.

We live in what was formerly a new, very modern apartment building. Each apartment has three rooms, a galley, and a head. There are nine girls in all—three in a room. One of my roommates is thirty-three, rather timid and slow and has a very bovine expression. The other is one

of the nicest girls I have seen around anywhere, so I really am lucky. We arise, dear child, at 0530. Can't you see me? *Then, I wish* I could show you how we have to make our bunks. It's not the square corners that stumps me—but have you ever heard of making a bed from lying on the floor under it? I declare, the cleanest spot in the room is under my bunk. You have to pull all the sheets, etc., through the dadgum springs and have them perfectly smooth, *no* mattress showing, and taut enough to bounce a dime off the top. Oh tra la! That's only one tiny detail. There is a special way to do everything. They won't settle for anything less than perfection.

Today we went into uniform and were in our first Regimental Review—all that after Captain's inspection. This was definitely the biggest day of my twenty-odd years! I wish you could see a review. Five thousand WAVES make a pretty big one. In fact I never saw so many girls. It's so exciting I can hardly stand it. We wore our blues, of course, with white shirts, gloves, and hat tops, and black ties. Sure did look pretty—everyone, I mean.

Our first Shore Liberty was wonderful. First we were examined from stem to stern to make sure our ties were right, our hats squared, stocking seams straight, and such and such. Then we picked up our bags and were turned loose.

I know it sounds like they are working us to death, and they are, but we have the most wonderful time. They really do give us a peppy course, and all the officers and little specialists that teach us are wonderful . . . It certainly seems funny not to be at W. C. when I realize that everyone else is there, but I don't have much chance to think about it anyway. It certainly seems far removed from what I am doing now. I miss you all, but I wouldn't take anything in the world for what I am doing; I just wish I could have you all up here with me.

MISS GRACE HENNIGAN,
*Professor of History,
American Red Cross.*

It's hard to know where to start on the story of the last weeks. Well, for a brief summary. The weeks in Washington were crammed with activity and gaiety. Then two weeks at Indiantown Gap, Penn., back to Washington for a few days, and then the alert. The trip was marvelous—wonderful weather, excellent food and service, and hundred of officers to amuse us. A few days in London, and then the assignment to a fairly large club located in one of the English cities. There are four of us Americans here—the club director, a man from Texas, and three of us girls representing the states of California, Pennsylvania, and me from where?

We spend long hours at the Club doing all manner of things. Seems like we never do the same thing two days in succession. It's ever so difficult to find a few moments in which to write letters. Off duty we only have time to dress, eat,

and sleep. At the club there are constant interruptions. Even now as I write, my thoughts are getting plenty of competition from radio and people's chatter. Trying to explain my incoherence.

Much of the time thus far has been spent learning the ropes, but there have been some amusing incidents—a wonderful jeep ride one lovely Sunday afternoon, a talk to the Rangers, who are like senior girl scouts, on American Youth. What a subject for an hour's chat and the questions they asked!! Lunch with some of the local gentry, Lord and Lady Belber. It was like a combination of Wodehouse and Angela Thirkell. A ride in an army ambulance a week ago. I contracted sinusitis and since we only have a funny little truck as a conveyance they sent the ambulance for me! Rotten as I felt I also could gurgel at the foolishness of being wheeled into the place. Now I'm in fine form and shall probably be released today. It's been an enlightening experience to be in an army hospital and I've been strictly GI. GI pyjamas and such. Yesterday was the pay off when we had inspection. As the officer entered the room the wardman called out "hup" and I felt as though I should spring out of bed and come to a salute! I could scarcely contain my gurgles.

BARBARA LINCOLN,
Class of 1934,
American Red Cross.

Many thanks for your good letter written on the day our hospital opened in France. My life is full of interesting experiences—it is a very busy one and not as quiet as England's. I love France and am trying to bridge the language handicap by taking lessons from a French patient. When he leaves I'll continue with the local teacher who knows no English! You should have seen me getting a permanent in a shop in a small town where none knew English! I was the first American woman there—found most modern equipment much to my surprise. And after having lived under extreme field conditions for four months, a hair-do was a real treat. I have made good friends with the French Red Cross worker—a Countess—who speaks English well. She has a home in Paris and I hope to visit her there when she returns—after Paris has secured food and heat.

We have American, Russian, French, and even German patients, so my problems are manifold. Patients are flown to us from the front—even Germany and Holland.

FROM BETTY BAKER,
Stationed in Florida,
Women's Army Corps,
1944 graduate in English.

Between the salutation of this letter and this first sentence I've seen a very depressing sight

out the window. One of the many hospital ships which pass through here daily . . . or rather, unload here daily, just came in with a plane load of wounded from the battle fronts. God, I know those kids are happy to be back on U. S. soil. The majority of them keep such high spirits and joke about such things as having lost something; looking around worriedly, and then say, "Oh yes, that darned old left leg!" The spunk of part of the human race is amazing.

You asked about the relations between enlisted men and women in the army, and I understand this to mean you want a short dissertation on the morals of the Army personnel. To put it shortly and concisely, nothing and no more happens in the Army as far as Wacs and soldiers are concerned than happens in the case of civilians. The only difference in the two comparisons is that when two people in uniform strike a wrong note, it's much more conspicuous than if they were civilians. This thing of being an object of curiosity wherever we go is rather painful and discouraging—little goldfish. Very few unfortunate things happen here on the post; I'm in the intelligence office and I'd know of anything if it happened, and very little gets past the MP's who report to the provost marshal. As for Wacs and officers, relationships either good or bad are rare. It is positively against Army regulations to date an officer unless you have known him in civilian life, and very few girls break the rule. Even if you have known him, you must get permission from your CO to go out with him. Personally, if ever I met one I even cared to date, I probably wouldn't because of a disgusting underlying feeling of humility which I have developed when in the company of an officer. Don't get any wrong ideas; I highly respect the uniform worn by officers, but I'd rather not have the resulting humility with me when I'm in the presence of one. It's all a matter of training, and each enlisted person sooner or later acquires the feeling. It's difficult to feel at ease and humble at the same time.

. . . those rumors, which we in the Corps are all trying to live down, were once too true, but are now fading into very rare instances. It's still a bit hard to control yourself when you want to slap faces of people who make remarks as you walk down the street. I only wish those same people could make a tour of the base in action and see if they could keep up the pace some of these girls do working on projects so vital that if a slight mistake were made, battles would be lost. That's not exaggeration, either. I suppose there will always be small-minded people in the world with magnetic, dirt-laden minds.

To strike a more cheerful note, was delighted to get yours and B.....'s letters both on the same mail some time ago. Such treats come few and far between. Mail calls are made by *beautiful* experiences like that.

SMALL TOWN SOUTH

(Continued from page 5)

lives would never be the same again, and we believed them, though we couldn't understand. But when it was spring, and the maples were young and green again, there was a June evening and the band played "Pomp and Circumstance," and a cross section of parents—Country Clubbers and Rotarians and East Salisburians—sat in a hot auditorium. We sweated under heavy gray robes and listened to the solemn intonations from the platform about how we were going forth to meet our destiny.

"Our destiny" was met sooner than we had expected, for the boys we had grown up with began to leave town, slowly, steadily. Draft lists in the newspaper were implacable. People went about singing "God Bless America" and "Any Bonds Today," and there were jokes about WACS and WAVES. Uptown was quieter now; court-house loiterers were older, and soda jerks wore lipstick. The factory on the banks of the yellow river manufactured parachutes, and when it won a governmental citation there were speeches and big stories in the newspaper. And soon lean young men began to come home on furlough, to talk casually of Casablanca and the jungles of Guadalcanal, to walk hungrily up Main Street, looking hard to remember everything—the A & P Super Markets, mammoth and efficient, and the shoe stores, their windows jammed with cheap wares, and a seven-story skyscraper on the square—and an old Confederate monument . . .

A mile out from the Town there was a college.—and even there was the war, grim and inescapable. A detachment of very un-grim air cadets. Last summer they would march into town every few days, clad in shorts, singing the Army Air Corps song; they would come up Maple Street from the college at a brisk pace, circle around the monument and head back to the college. Letters to the editor began to appear on page two of the newspaper to the effect that such an exhibition was immoral and indecent. But on page three of the paper were accounts of the gracious hospitality of the citizens of Piedmont—accounts of USO dances and parties at the YWCA, and of the Friday evenings when nice girls of the Town were asked out to dance with snub-nosed young men from Hoboken and Idaho.

In a town other than Piedmont such divergent attitudes would probably cause comment. But the people of our Town, typically, take it as a matter of course—if they take it at all. So long as there are children to play on the steps of the manse, so long as there are swimming pools and progressive education, the Town goes its way, comparatively undisturbed—provincial, snobbish, and ignorant, but easy and solid, and sometimes hospitable—its inhabitants not too particularly concerned about the Great World outside the confines of Red Hill county.

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Chrysa Once Was Sevent'n

(Continued from page 11)

Shadow and snow seemed one. He turned and ran swiftly to the house.

His boots were still covered with snow when he flung open the bedroom door. Chrysa sat before the mirror combing her long hair. She smiled at his reflection, but his rigid stance, the poker, now dead and cold still clutched in his hand, and the expression on his face made her turn to him.

"If you intend murdering me," she said with her mockingly amused smile, "Just keep in mind that someone will have to feed the baby."

"Evil woman. I have not been blind all of these years. No need to pretend to be a good wife!"

He did not move closer to her but stood looking down at her, where she sat still in quiet repose on the bench. Her long hair haloed her pretty young face and behind her Briano saw himself mirrored with his plump short figure and lined, flushed face. Even in his righteous anger he felt helpless and weak against her.

"I presume you have gone mad," said Chrysa, still calm.

He felt foolish and old. He could not remember when he had ceased to treat her as an imp of a child and she had taken her place as his equal. Uncomfortably he suddenly realized that even this was no longer true. Now he was the child.

"At any rate," he said bitterly, "Your lover will never disturb you again."

"My lover? Am I actually flattered with a lover?"

"Your lover," Briano could only repeat with hatred.

Chrysa tossed her hair back from her face. "I have no lover."

"You need not lie to me," shouted Briano. "I have seen him, this god of yours. You told me he came to you once. You thought I could do nothing against him, but he is gone now and won't come back!"

Chrysa looked puzzled; then she smiled a pleased smile. "You have been jealous of me all these years. Of a phantom, perhaps it was only a dream. Why, Briano," she said with a quiet and contented amusement in her eyes, "I have not seen him since the day we were married."

He stared at her, knowing that she was speaking honestly. He turned away in fear and horror and ran from the room.

He dashed down the stairs and stumbled against the front door, opening it with shaking fingers.

Briano shivered with the cold. He looked out into the smooth unbroken landscape, out into the utter darkness. Tricks of the mind and the shadows. The footprints were gone.

ON A. E. HOUSMAN

(Continued from page 12)

*But if, the grave rent and the stone rolled by,
At the right hand of majesty on high
You sit
Bow hither out of heaven and see and serve.*

This is certainly a philosophy wracked by doubts, though not yet overcome by them. Housman wishes to see the world as it is, even if it is painful; in the poems concerning it there is more cheer than in any of the others.

*Out of a stem that scorched the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it: if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour,*

which, he thinks, will arrive to all sooner or later. It is a pessimism that is the result of struggle and of sincerity. In such clear realism, there is strength; and in such pessimism, almost hope.

VALUES

*He watched her ambling along the milky way
And smiled as she scuffed stardust into tiny
silver clouds.
Leaping over a moonbeam, he rushed to her side.
Eagerly he said,
"I gave my heart to you. Do you still have it?"
Carelessly she pulled a star and broke its points,
Then turned to him.
"Your heart? Oh I am sorry . . .
It's lying on that little pink cloud back there."*

—IRENE GILBERT.

PARTNERS IN CRIME

-(Continued from page 7)

mother were both dumbfounded, and made me tell my story, after I recovered from a stuttering fit. I told them everything, even that I knew I was a partner in crime. My mother stared at me with round open eyes, that wanted to bore their way through mine. Silently. But Papa smiled a little and stroked my head. "Do you realize that my junior partner here has just saved me, thirty-five thousand marks?"

At that my mother roused herself. She put her hand to her forehead and whispered, "Oh my dear God, dear God . . . Saved you thirty-five thousand! She risked your neck. She thinks you are a hero. Ha! Every time you risk our necks you become more heroic . . . devil, devil, I tell you . . . God, what if . . ."

And then she did a most ungallant thing. She put her head on the table and sobbed. I thought that was very cowardly of my mother, and so

melodramatic. Papa stood by, lost and helpless. I went over and put a reassuring arm around his waist.

"Don't worry, Papa," I said, "I am your partner now, and they'll never, never get us."

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